

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 63 Park Row, New York.  
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 63 Park Row.  
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates to The Evening World For England and the Continent and World for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International Postal Union.  
One Year.....\$1.50 One Year.....\$1.75  
One Month.....30 One Month.....35  
VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,858

## THE PERSIA.

IF THE Persia was torpedoed without warning then submarine murder as dastardly as that which ravaged the English Channel is still a menace in the Mediterranean.

Assuming that the torpedo which sent hundreds more innocent travellers to their death was launched from an Austrian submarine, the Austro-Hungarian Government has an imperative account to render:

Had the commander of the undersea murderer received instructions based upon the formal assurances recently offered this Government by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office? Or can the authorities at Vienna rest the responsibility for this latest outrage upon the ignorance or disobedience of the submarine captain?

It is hard to believe that the Austro-Hungarian Government could deliberately choose to disrupt the diplomatic understanding at which it has been laboring to arrive with this country. The wanton sinking of the Persia with American citizens on board would set upon Teutonic diplomacy the final brand of perfidy.

To this country such an act must inevitably suggest a sinister progression—Lusitania: Arabic—Ancona: Persia—with a possible passing on of the submarine murder policy to Turkey.

If solicitude for Hapsburg honor still has influence with her ministers Austria-Hungary will lose no time in getting at the actual facts regarding the Persia that she may forward prompt explanation or disavowal to Washington.

Columbia to Teach U. S. Citizenship.—Headline.

Why can't the whole nation resolve itself into a university and make this course compulsory?

## PUBLIC LECTURES.

THIS city's public lecture system, which has brought instruction and enjoyment each year to more than 1,300,000 adult New Yorkers, is held up as an example to Philadelphia by Harvey M. Watts in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

These admirable free lectures, established twenty-seven years ago as a result of the efforts of The World, have been developed under the skilled direction of Supervisor Henry M. Leipziger to a point where between six and seven hundred first rate lecturers are available each season for popular talks on almost any subject of interest in politics, history, economics, science and art.

To show what the lectures have meant to the people of New York City Mr. Watts quotes from three letters:

One, from a woman sixty-five years old, reads: "I want to thank you for my greatest pleasure during the last five years."

Another woman, in her eightieth year, writes: "To me they have been a Godsend. There is little in my lonely life. They have been food for thought and food for talk."

Still another says: "The lectures have created for me, a busy housewife, a different mental atmosphere and have afforded about the only recreation that has come into my busy life."

In an editorial calling attention to the article, the Public Ledger gives high praise to what it calls New York's "university of the people" which has "enabled literally millions in the great metropolis to 'grow old learning,'" and urges Philadelphia to spend \$200,000 annually on a similar lecture system.

Within the last few months hectic search for easy ways to cut down this city's expenses has seriously menaced the public lectures. The allowance for the lectures in 1915 was \$65,000. The appropriation for 1916 has been cut to \$35,000. Only seven lecture centres can be opened this week.

Here is a situation that reflects scant credit upon the great city of New York.

We have built up a public lecture system which at small expense to the city brings to millions of citizens benefits which money cannot measure.

Other municipalities begin to study our plan and imitate it. As they adopt it are we to starve it to death?

Henry Ford is home. Maybe if nobody else can tell him what ought to be done next, W. J. Bryan could be coaxed to advise.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

A man may have all kinds of liabilities, but if he has the faculty of critical introspection he is far from bankrupt.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Some men are amateur gardeners, others raise beards.

The average fellow who has money to burn is the one who has long ago learned not to burn it.—Pittsburgh Press.

Some people don't eat hash away from home because they don't know what is in it, while others do not eat it at home because they do know what is in it.

When some families begin to have

their washing done they feel as though they have taken the first step toward going into society.—Macon News.

The trouble with most of us is that when we get what we deserve we don't believe it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

When you see it stated that a good man has gone wrong you know that a natural born crook had his first good chance.

Even a man who is willing to acknowledge that he has faults doesn't like to specify what they are.—Albany Journal.

## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

MOST men can point to some specific episode in their lives, often apparently very trivial, which in later years loomed as a veritable edict of Fate, so fraught with significance did it prove to be. The manager of a manufacturing plant recently.

"Fifteen years ago I want to work here as a helper to one of the mechanics. I had a little room not far from the works and used to get my meals at a cheap restaurant near my lodgings. One day after I had been employed about a year, as I entered the restaurant, I noted that some radical changes had been effected. A marble-topped inclosure had been erected directly in the centre of the room from which the food was served. This was to save the time and steps of the waiters, who had previously been

obliged to go to the kitchen far back in the building for their trays of food. I fell into conversation with the proprietor and he told me that the improvement had decreased his payroll about 25 per cent. compared to that which would obtain if the stockroom were relocated at a central point. I then presented my findings to the manager. He saw the point at once, ordered the change and added \$3 a week to my pay envelope.

"That was really the beginning of my upward climb."

## Men Who Fail

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



"I'm not going to hurt myself working. The boss didn't raise me the first of the year."

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

LET us intermit, for a day, the tale of Mr. Jarr, Mr. Berry, Mr. Raftery and the sale of the team of dapple grays, and turn back to a home scene in the Jarr family on the day after New Year's.

"Oh, dear, I don't know what to do about Gertrude," said Mrs. Jarr peevishly when Mr. Jarr came home. "What is amiss with our maid-of-all-work?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I can't stand her, and I've simply got to get rid of her," said Mrs. Jarr. "I've made up my mind to that."

She started for the kitchen, prepared evidently to give Gertrude, the old family retainer—she had been with the Jarrs on and off for six months—a notice to quit; when the telephone rang.

Mrs. Jarr answered it.

The person on the phone was an inquirer for Mrs. Jarr, whose answers were:

"Oh, no, indeed!" "You must have mistaken me." "No, I'm not going to make any change yet." "Oh, she's doing a great deal better." "Certainly, I understand; you wouldn't do anything like that!" And, concluding with, "Certainly, come over!"

When the conversation over the wire was ended Mrs. Jarr returned with a high color. "Would you believe it?" she asked.

"Believe what?" replied Mr. Jarr.

"The nerve of that woman!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I just happened to mention to Mrs. Hickett that Gertrude had broken a cup and saucer—one of those cheap things I got from the five-and-ten cent store—and here she came up and asks me if I am going to discharge Gertrude, and that she'll take her, as she has no girl at present. She hasn't any girl at any time. No girl will stay with her. She makes herself too free with them. Nosey old thing!"

"But you were just saying that we were going to let Gertrude go," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Well, not to oblige Mrs. Hickett," said Mrs. Jarr, hotly. "I guess not!"

"But if we were going to let her go you wouldn't mind whom she engaged with, would you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I care a good deal," said Mrs. Jarr. "And not content with my telling her that I am not going to part with Gertrude, that Gertrude was perfectly satisfactory, she's coming over, she says, to call on me, but I know it's to see if she can get a chance to get Gertrude away from us! But I'll fix her. I'll go to the door myself, and I'll be dressed to go out when she comes and I'll take her with me!"

Then Mrs. Jarr hurried to change

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

Smash, splash, crash!  
Are the armies crossing the sea;  
Ah, no, it is only the sad refrain  
Of the broken VOWS, as they fall like rain—  
The vows they will make—and break—again,  
Next year, to you and me!

When you consider how difficult it is for a woman to find a mate who is as good as she is, you are forced to acknowledge that it must be next to impossible for a bachelor to find his "mate"—who, of course, must be a lot better than HE is.

Poker and love are two games at which the amateur should never play, and in which "beginner's luck" nets nothing in the end—but experience.

The best cure-all ever patented is a starvation diet; a little judicious absence from the dinner table or the loved one is an equally effective remedy for dyspepsia or a grande passion.

If a man would show as much blind enthusiasm in praising his wife as he does in praising his motor car there would be no such thing as matrimonial unrest—perhaps.

How many women can a man really love in a lifetime? Well, dear me, let's see. How many women ARE there?

Those tender, fascinating little ways for which a woman marries a man are often the very things for which she afterward divorces him.

A man's idea of Purgatory: A game "on" at the club, a cafe on the corner, a girl on the telephone—and the wife "out" everything!

One woman's "mate" is another woman's pestime.

## The Office Force

By Blide Dudley

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"SAY," said Popple, the shipping clerk, turning from his desk, "who is this fellow Brand Whitlock we read so much about these days?"

The blond stenographer smiled. "Why don't you read the newspapers?" she asked. "Mr. Whitlock is a minister whose church is in Belgium. He came over here recently to ask aid for the starving Serbs who live in his country."

"I see he's gone back," said Popple. "Did he get the aid?"

"Ask George?" shouted Bobbie, the office boy.

"George who?" demanded the blonde.

"Ade, of course," Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss, said.

"maid!" thought Mr. Jarr, but he dared say nothing.

"I said nothing at all about stocks," Miss Primm said. "I meant literary quotations. The one Mr. Spooner tried to use is, 'Let him who is without sin throw the first stone.' He said, 'without sin?'"

"That's right," said Bobbie. "That is foolish, ain't it? You imagine a guy without sin throwin' rocks?"

"Isn't there another one about throwin' stones?" asked Popple.

"Sure," said the blonde. "It's 'People who love rough houses shouldn't throw stones.' I learned that one in school."

"Miss Primm, I've got to say," said Miss Primm, "that if you learned that one in school you ought to have done your studying in a lumber mill."

"That's right," said Bobbie. "And got your bones free, most likely."

"When?" said Popple. "That's the oldest joke there is."

"Except the one about Colorado's wonderful climate," said the office boy.

"What's that one?" asked Spooner.

"Why, a feller says men grow to be seven feet tall in Colorado and a lady asks the reason. The man says: 'That ain't got no railroad nor no paths up it. He says people live on top of it and the lady asks how they get up there. 'Limb it, my dear,' he says. Swell joke, eh?"

"Oh, my land!" said Miss Primm. "I heard that joke in Field's minstrel show thirty years ago."

"How long ago?" asked the blonde.

"About fifteen years ago," said Popple.

"We got you the first time," shouted Bobbie.

"You're insulting, Bobbie!" snapped the private secretary. "I'll have you people know I haven't reached my thirtieth birthday yet."

The door of the boss's private room opened and Mr. Spooner came out.

"Listen, folks," he said. "I haven't yet, but I'm going to. I'm going to give you a dollar bill for each year you have lived. What shall I put you down for, Miss Primm?"

The private secretary hesitated and grew red in the face. "Oh, er, forty-five," Mr. Spooner said.

"The boss heard the ages of all the others and retired in his private office. There was silence a moment and then Miss Primm said: "That's the first lie I've told in years."

"Oooh!" shouted Bobbie.

"Yes, ooh! you little fool, you!" snapped the infuriated Miss Primm.

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces  
By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

No. 91—A PIECE OF STRING. By Guy de Maupassant.

MAITRE HAUCHECOMME, stingy old Norman farmer, was plodding from his native village of Breauté to attend market day at Goderville. As he limped along he happened to see a piece of string lying in the road. He thought the string might come in handy later on, so he stooped to pick it up.

He knew the neighbors made fun of his crafty stinginess. He hated to be laughed at. So, as he picked up the string, he looked cautiously about him. He met the amused gaze of a harness-maker whom he hated and who was watching him from some distance away. The old man shoved the string hastily into his pocket and hobbled on to Goderville.

That noon, as Hauchecomme and a crowd of other farmers were lunching at the Goderville inn, the local crier marched by, beating a drum and announcing that a merchant had dropped a wallet containing \$200.

A few minutes later two policemen entered the inn and asked Maitre Hauchecomme to go with them to the Mayor's office. Wonderingly, the old man obeyed, a little flattered at so great an honor. But when he stood before the Mayor his joy changed to horror.

For he found himself charged with the theft of the wallet. The harness maker had just testified that Hauchecomme had picked up something—presumably the wallet—on the Goderville Road, and that he had looked around guiltily before thrusting it into his pocket. Hauchecomme declared in rage:

"It was a piece of string I picked up. Here it is. See?"

He fished the string out of his pocket and displayed it. The Mayor tried to cross-examine him. But Hauchecomme only repeated, over and over:

"A piece of string! See, M'sieur the Mayor, it's just a piece of string!"

The Mayor ordered him searched. No wallet was found on him. And he was set free for lack of evidence to hold him.

Indignant at the outrage, Maitre Hauchecomme went back to the inn and told what had happened. He even showed the string to prove his story. His friends roared with laughter.

"Get out, you old crook!" they shouted.

Not one of them believed him. They knew his craftiness and his love of money; and they thought he was telling a clumsy lie to hide his guilt. The frantic old man went out into the market square. But the story had preceded him. He tried to explain to every one who would listen. But every one laughed.

"Get out, you old crook!"

Next day the wallet was returned to its owner. A farm laborer had picked it up. Hauchecomme was wild with delight. Now he was exonerated. He rushed around to his friends, telling them his tale a dozen times. But, as before, the only reply he got was:

"Get out, you old crook!"

It dwined upon the miserable man that people still took him for a thief. They believed that he had stolen the wallet, and then, afraid of prison, had put it back in the road again. Nor could Hauchecomme shake public opinion by all his vehement denials. Everywhere he went he saw people grin and nudge each other. He kept on trying to explain. And

always he was met by that laughing catch-phrase:

"Get out, you old crook!"

Branded by his neighbors as a criminal, the poor old man became a recluse. He could not bear to meet the eyes of those who thought him a thief. He brooded bitterly on his disgrace, until he fell ill.

One January day he died.

As the death rattle sounded in his throat, he started up convulsively, thrusting out one hand and gasping:

"A piece of string! See, M'sieur the Mayor, it's just a piece of string!"

## The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE morning paper lay on my tray as I sipped my coffee. I had never gone down to breakfast in the boarding house. It cost but little more to have it served in my room and was so much more to my liking. I opened the paper indifferently. But my indifference vanished when I saw Haskall's name in large type on the first page.

"Haskall! Haskall! Haskall! Haskall!" I murmured to myself. "Haskall! Haskall! Haskall! Haskall!" I murmured to myself. "Haskall! Haskall! Haskall! Haskall!" I murmured to myself.

Was this then to be the end? Then the thought came, "Haskall is seriously hurt and I am not with him." Of a sudden all the tender concern every woman feels for the man she has once loved rushed over me. I called up the shop, told my forewoman I should be late, then went at once to the hospital.

When I told who I was they admitted me at once. Haskall had not yet recovered consciousness. He was brought in about 3 o'clock that morning, the head nurse told me. I wanted to ask about the women who were with him, but could not bring myself to do so, and the nurse volunteered no information.

Haskall's head was bound up, and his face and hands were almost covered with long strips of plaster, but I saw only minor injuries, the nurse said; they feared concussion of the brain, and perhaps internal injuries as well.

"I wish I could do for him so I left. All day I was incapable of attending to business. Who were the women with Haskall? Who was it that had been killed?"

"The editions of the evening papers were scarcely out before I sent an errand girl for one. I think I know before I opened it what I should see, nevertheless I was shocked when I saw that it was Madeline Arnott who had been killed."

I hurried to the hospital as soon as the shop was closed. Haskall was conscious, and knew me, but had been unable to tell anything about the accident.

"Do not tell him that Miss Arnott was killed," I said to the nurse. She promised he should be kept in ignorance, but gave me a peculiar glance as I asked it.

I remained at the hospital until late. Haskall had not spoken, but before I left he smiled a crooked smile, and just for a moment I thought his poor bruised fingers pressed mine.

It was nearly six weeks before Haskall could be moved. Every moment I could spare from my business I spent with him. The day they were to take him home I asked if there was anything particular I could do for him.

"Yes, Katharine, you can bring your trunks home," he answered, not looking at me.

"Do you really mean that, Haskall?" I asked.

"Yes. Will you come?"

"And you will not object to my business?"

"What's the use?" he said with a touch of his old insolent manner. "The damage is already done."

"What damage, Haskall?"

"Oh, never mind! You seem to have made up your mind to do as you please, regardless of me or my wishes."

"Very well, I'll come, Haskall. That is I think I will. Suddenly I thought of my plan to have little Jack and Mrs. Clark with me. 'Yes, I'll come,' I added, sure that way my duty lay.

"Thank you, Katharine," Haskall said humbly.

(To Be Continued.)

Mythology a la Mode

By Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

Julius and Juno.

WHEN Jupiter Smith, millionaire lumberman, came out of the West all New York (especially those with marriageable daughters) got down and worshipped. He was a giant in stature, with the handsome head of the god whose name he bore.

Julius Smith had never lived by rule. So while dainty little squabs were being draped in white tulle and crystal goblets by night, and white broadcloth middie suits and fuzzy tams by day, for his special benefit, he met and fell for Juno Fuller.

Thence-Juno would have loved to paint Juno. She was long and sinuous. Her copper-colored hair lighted the waxen pallor of her cheeks with a strange, hidden radiance. Her brown, topped with a half of white pearls, more than half closed. She looked well in amethyst velvet out in long, clinging lines. She and Jupiter were married.

But before many weeks had passed Juno tired of seeing her stunning spouse flirting with other girls. She thought out a "cure."

The next morning she called up ten men she knew. She asked each one to call her on the phone that evening between seven and eight. Then she mailed ten cute little perfumed envelopes to ten girls.

That night at dinner the butler interrupted ten times to call Madam to the phone. She answered each call